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Experience has taught us not to print a newspaper on credit.

Weekly Herald.

VOL. III. CLEVELAND, TENN., AUGUST 1, 1878. NO. 30.

THE OLD BARN.

Rickety, old, and crazy,
Shingleless, lacking some doors ;
Bad in the upper story,
Wanting some boards in the floors ;
Beams strung thick with cobwebs,
Ridgepole yellow and gray,
Hanging in helpless innocence
Over the mows of hay.

How the winds turned around it—
Winds of a stormy day—
Scattering the fragrant hay-seed,
Whisking the straws away ;
Streaming in at the crannies,
Spreading the clover smell,
Changing the dark old granary
Into a flowery de l.

Oh, how I loved the shadows
That cling to the silent roof ;
Day dreams wove with the quiet,
Many a glittering woof ;
I climbed to the highest rafters,
And watched the shadows at play,
Admiring the knots in the boarding,
And rolled in the pillows of hay.

Palace of king couldn't match it,
The Vatican loses its charm,
When placed in my memory s balance
Besides the old gray barn ;
And I'd rather scent the clover,
Piled in the barns roomy mows,
Than sit in the breath of the Highlands
Poured from Apennine prows !

Pleasant Hours at Summer Rest.

BY MAUDE SUTHERLAND.

School had closed for the summer vacation. I had graduated with high honors. About the middle of July I received a letter from my cousin, Bessie Landon, requesting me to spend a month with her. She said her father had presented her with an elegant pony phaeton, and another pony, so that we could drive all around the country alone. She also spoke of many other out-door enjoyments.

After a hasty perusal of this letter I hurried to Mamma to know whether I could accept this kind invitation. She having no objection to offer, I seated myself to write a few lines to Bessie. I told her I would start on Thursday for Summer Rest. For several days I was very busy preparing for my journey. But at last, Thursday dawning bright and clear, with a light heart I bade adieu to my mother at the depot, promising to write as often as I could. My mother placed me in charge of a friend who was going to the same place that I was.

I enjoyed the ride on the cars very much. We arrived at our journey's end about 6 o'clock p. m. Bessie was at the station to meet me in her phaeton. She seemed delighted to see me. Just here let me describe Bessie Landon. She was about sixteen years of age, (I am two years her senior) medium height, had laughing blue eyes, light brown hair, that hung in ringlets about her shoulders and fair complexion. Bessie looked very pretty, I thought, in her white dress, leghorn flat and blue ribbons.

Bessie's parents were wealthy, Doctor Landon being one of the most skilful physician of the village country. Bessie had a brother, named William, who expected to follow the same profession as his father. William was a very pleasant young gentleman, very kind and attentive to his sister.

But I must return to where I met Bessie at the station. In a few moments we reached the house. During that time Bessie had informed me that Will had a college chum visiting him, who was just splendid, and that they were going to give a garden party the next Tuesday, etc.

I received a warm welcome from my uncle and aunt, and cousin Will. I did not make my appearance in the parlor that evening, as I felt fatigued after my long journey. Before retiring I wrote a few lines to my mother informing her of my safe arrival.

The next morning Bessie awoke me and told me to hurry and make my toilet, and we would have time for a gallop before breakfast. I hastily attired myself in a new riding habit of dark green, with a straw hat trimmed with a dark green veil.

I ran down stairs and found Bessie and Will and his friend, Edward Thornton, waiting for me. I was presented to Mr. Thornton, who I thought was very prepossessing in appearance. The horses were brought around to the door, and we mounted, and all started off together. What a delightful ride we did have! The air was so bracing and healthful. We reached home just after Uncle and Aunt had been seated at the table a few moments. We did full justice to the elegant light rolls, eggs, meat and coffee, yellow with rich cream, of which Aunt Sarah gave me a glass and told me that I should have it every morning.

After breakfast we played croquet awhile, until it got too warm. We then went in the house and practised some duetts to play in the evening.

Then I left Bessie to entertain Mr. Thornton, while I unpacked the rest of my trunk, and by that time the bell rang for dinner; after that we took a siesta. At five o'clock we were dressed, seated in the parlor conversing; when the door bell rang and several visitors called. One young lady I had met before at Bessie's. I liked her very much She invited us all to her house to take tea with her the next day. She said she expected to have a few friends in the evening. She lived on the banks of the river a few miles out of the village. We told her we would be delighted to come. Well, the next evening we went to see Laura Benson. We rowed out, Will and Edward (I call him Edward now, and he calls me Leila) doing the rowing. We wanted to help, so Bessie and I each took an oar, but we splashed the water all over our dresses, and could not make the boat go. Ed and Will laughed heartily, but said they would teach us some day. We thanked them, but said we did not want them to teach us, we could learn our own selves, if we tried several times, which we secretly thought we would do some day, when the boys were off fishing or hunting.

We spent a very pleasant evening with Laura Benson; she had quite a number of friends at her house in the evening after tea. I met two or three very pleasant young gentlemen. One particularly I admired. He is from the South. His name is George Robberts. I judge he is about twenty-four years of age. He is so pleasant and frank in his manners that no one could help liking him. The first evening he told all about his home in Georgia, where he had a mother and a sister living, his father having died when he was quite small. He said I reminded him so much of his sister, who was about my age. Perhaps that is the reason he was so interested in me. He has piercing black eyes, which seem to read your soul, when he is looking at you. He is going to be at the garden party at our house on Tuesday.

On our way home from Laura's Bessie asked me who that handsome looking young gentlemaa was I was talking to so much. I told her who he was, and said I had taken the liberty to invite him to the party. Bessie said that was all right, as he was a friend of Laura's.

Tuesday came at last. In the morning I received a bouquet with Mr. Robberts' compliments. About five o'clock carriage after carriage began to drive up to the door, until in a short time we had altogether about thirty couple on the lawn and in the house. Among the first was my friend, Mr. Robberts. I thanked him for the bouquet, which I carried with me. I waltzed with him and played and sung for him, which seemed to delight him very much. He has a very fine voice. We sang the duett, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" Bessie came over and thanked me, and said it sounded charming. Poor Bessie! She is very busy trying to entertain her guests this evening, but she has a good assistant in Will. I see Edward's eyes following Bessie. Will told me in confidence that Edward liked Bessie very much, and I think Bessie likes him. Perhaps some day who knows but it may be a match. Edward is studying law; he expects to enter the bar in a year.

The guests are beginning to depart. Mr. Robberts was one of the last to leave. Will invited him to join us in a fishing party the next day; which he eagerly accepted; but it was rainy, so we could not go.

Bessie and I went out riding every pleasant day; or sometimes George and I would ride horseback, and Bessie and Edward. We also attended many picnics and boating parties.

My visit is drawning to a close. I am both glad and sorry. I want to see my mother very much. I never was away from home as long before. But I am sorry to part with Bessie and all my friends and relatives.

Mr. Robberts is going to be my escort home; he says he wishes to make the acquaintance of my mother. He told me last evening that he loved me, and asked me to be his wife. He said he loved me the first moment he saw me. He said, "Speak darling, and keep me no longer in doubt." For answer I hid my blushing face on his shoulder.

Bessie has promised to spend a month with me this winter. Then she will often see Edward and her brother, as they both study in New York.

I bade a sad adieu to Bessie and my other relatives and friends. They were all around at the station to see me off.

George is a pleasant escort. As we are speeding along in the cars he is telling me about his southern home, where he says in the Spring he expects to take a fair young bride, named Leila Moore. I tell him he must ask Mama first, maybe she won't let me go so far from home. He says he will take her, too.

We are nearing the city. How nice it is to be home again! When we reached the depot, I found mother waiting for me. She welcomed me most warmly, and said she had felt very lonely without her Leila. I introduced Mama to George. She seemed pleased with him, I could see. I had often spoken of him in my letters home, so that Mama seemed almost as if she was acquainted with him a long time. That evening Mama had a long talk with George. She said she could not part from me, as I was the only child. She at length persuaded George to say he would reside in New York, promising to let me go with him every winter to visit his mother and sister.

A River Reversed.

A natural river begins in countless little runlets, which unite in a network of larger streams, to unite in their turn in still larger ones, until a strong current receives the united flow from all. The sunless stream that supplies a great city, like New York, reverses all this. It begins at a single stream and ends at a million outlets. The network of pipes through which the Croton is delivered aggregates a length of 440 miles, and the daily flow averages 85,000,000 gallons.

Ship Stations in Mid-Ocean.

The possibility of anchoring vessels at a maximum depth of three miles in mid-ocean, may be reasonably entertained in this progressive century, and a plan for such a project has thus been sketched: An International Company is to be organized, its project and property to be secured as neutral by treaties in the event of wars. The great maritime nations are then to be solicited for pecuniary and other aid, as old war vessels, cables, buoys, etc., will be required. Across the great Atlantic plateau these vessels are to be placed just the distance apart it will take a vessel twelve or twenty-four hours to run. One or two telegraphic cables, or perhaps telephones, will be laid near, stretching from America to Ireland, with connecting branches running to each of the eight or sixteen anchored vessels. These vessels are manned and rigged so as to be manageable should they they get adrift. They will then be ready for the performance of the following duties: Postal marine insurance marine and telegraphic stations. They will also be used as electric light ships, relief, life, property and survey stations, as also for meteorological observatories. Every feature seems to be covered by the project. Proper supports for the deep anchorings, adjustable branch connections with the telegraph cable, and appliances to loosen the powerful strain and constant motion of the anchored or rather moored vessels—all of these details have been well considered. As a steamer nears a mid-ocean station, the mail bags are exchanged and cablegrams transmitted, together with the daily morning and perhaps evening papers just from the press on board the station and containing up to that hour news from all parts of the civilized world. Here likewise may the sick and so inclined passengers lie over to return on the next steamer passing. Supplies are renewed and succor given if in distress. The stations will be supplied with every modern appliance for the saving of life and property and a force of able seamen. It is said that the salvage percentage upon distressed vessels saved from loss and shipwreck will alone pay a handsome dividend. The liberal aid of all nations is expected to an extent that will preclude the necessity of the company raising much capital from its members. Prominent enterprising men in every country will be solicited to join it and act as agents in obtaining the aid of their respective governments. The telegraphed notice of approaching storms at sea would be of great service to vessels, while an opportunity for a study of the winds and currents and a comparison of logs would be invaluable. The whole project is novel and useful, and if carried out will prove a humanitarian and profitable enterprise to the world.

Riding a Hunting Elephant.

It is "fun" for boys and girls to ride on the back of the elephant of some traveling menagerie, two or three times around a small ring. If however they were obliged to make a long journey on an elephant, they would find the slow locomotion and the unpleasant jolting intolerable.

An Englishman, recording his experience of riding twenty miles on an elephant's back, compares the motion to that of being pitched and rolled about in a small boat in a chopping sea.

To make himself comfortable, he had strapped on the elephant's pad a small bedstead, with the legs turned up. Round these he passed ropes, so as to make a rail, with a soft mattress underneath his stretched out body, and bolsters on either side. He thought to sleep through the journey.

It was a delusion. He pitched forward and rolled over with every motion of the jolting brute. And it was only when, ousting the mahout, or driver, and crossing the animal's neck with with his legs, he drove her himself, that he rode with any comfort.

One day news was brought to an English camp in the interior of India that a tiger had killed and eaten a cow near the neighboring village. A party was immediately organi[illegible] of the hunt. [illegible] at night

Four elephants were[illegible] a number of beaters [illegible] drive the tiger ou[illegible] which he had sou[illegible]

On a wild-[illegible] rode the doct[illegible] quiet enough, so [illegible] as the other females were kept out of her sight. But if one of them approached, up went her trunk, and, with a shrill trumpet, down she charged upon her rival.

Her calf accompanied its mother on the hunt, and was the cause of much vexation of spirit. If the attendant held him in by a cord, he squealed. If left to himself, he wandered off, and then his mamma would rush after him.

Losing all patience, the doctor ordered the attendant to tie the little one to the mother's neck. Just then, one of the signal-men, perched in a tree, telegraphed with his hand that the tiger was stealing along the ravine.

The mahout urged the elephant on. Advancing ten paces, she came to a halt. Pushing her calf under her chest she curled her trunk defiantly, and, in spite of the blows and abuse of the mahout, would not budge an inch.

The doctor, frantic at the idea of a tiger walking off, almost under his nose, and he not getting a shot, beat the mahout with the butt of his gun. The mahout beat the elephant, but not a foot would the obstinate beast move.

"Let go the calf!" shouted the doctor to the attendant. The native untied the cord which bound the little fellow to his mother's neck. With a few capers he toddled off to the edge of the ravine and tumbled in head foremost.

With a shrill trumpet, the mother rushed after her offspring. Somehow, she got to the bottom of the ravine. How, the doctor never knew.

He lost his hat, his gun, and his temper. He was pitched to one end of the howdah, knocked against its sides, and whipped in the face by the bamboos, through which the anxious mother rushed after her wayward child.

He, heedless of the excitemen he had created, gamboled ahead, as playful as a kitten chasing a ball of yarn. Up a sloping mound he toddled, and, being out of breath was caught by his mother. For a minute or two, the elephant and calf stopped to breathe, and the doctor to recover his temper.

At the opposite side of the mound was a perpendicular descent of fifteen feet. Suddenly the calf marched to the edge, and flopped over on his back. Falling on the sandy bed of the ravine, he was uninjured, and the mother, though still anxious, remained quiet.

Just then, another female elephant came in sight, on the opposite bank of the ravine. Of course, the calf tried to climb up the bank to her.

That was too much for the jealous mother. With a shrill trumpet, she rushed to the edge of the mound. The mahout, knowing the danger, drove the sharp steel hook, used in driving, deep into her head.

The pain caused her to halt. Falling on her knees, with her head over the precipice, she shook herself violently.

The driver of the other elephant, seeing the cause of the excitement, drove her away. The attendant rushed up and secured the calf. Then the mother rose from her knees, and, backing from the edge suffered the frightened doctor to dismount. He vowed he would walk home, before he would mount that jealous brute again.

The tiger was wounded by a long shot from one of the officers, but escaped into the jungle.

"My dear fellow," said the doctor, in telling his adventures to a friend, "it was enough to make Job throw pots at his wife's head; it was indeed."

The Responsive Chord.

Rev. J. William Jones, in an address before the National Sunday School Convention, Atlanta, Ga., related the following incident:—In the early Spring of 1873, when the Confederate and Federal armies were confronting each other on the opposite hills of Stafford and Spottsylvania, two bands chanced one evening at the same hour to begin to discourse sweet music on either bank of the river. A large crowd of the soldiers of both armies gathered to listen to the music, the friendly pickets not interfering, and soon the bands began to answer each other. First the band on the northern bank would play "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," or some other national air, and at its conclusion the 'boys in blue' would cheer most lustily. And then the band on the southern bank would respond with "Dixie" or "Bonnie Blue Flag," or some other Southern melody, and the 'boys in gray' would attest their approbation with an old Confederate yell. But presently one of the bands struck up, in sweet and plaintive notes which were wafted across the beautiful Rappahannock, were caught up at once by the other band and swelled into a grand anthem which touched every heart, "Home Sweet Home!" At the conclusion of this piece there went up a simultaneous shout from both sides of the river—cheer followed cheer, and those hills which had so recently resounded with hostile guns, echoed and re-echoed the glad acclaim. A chord had been struck responsive to which the hearts of enemies—enemies then—could beat in unison; and, on both sides of the river,

Something down the soldiers's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder."

Ruined by a Spider.

[illegible] crawling more abundantly [illegible]ously than usual upon the [illegible] of our houses foretell the [illegible] in; but the follow[illegible] some of [illegible]

Utre[illegible] habits of the[illegible] imprisonment h[illegible] be well versed in it[illegible] ber of 1794, the French[illegible] success his restoration [illegible] pended, was in Holland; [illegible] seemed certain, if the fros[illegible] precedented severity, co[illegible] Dutch envoys had failed to [illegible] peace, and Holland was despairin[illegible] when the frost suddenly broke. Th[illegible] Dutch were now exulting, and the French generals prepared to retreat; but the spider forewarned Disjonoval that the thaw would be of short duration, and he knew that this weather monitor never deceived. He contrived to communicate with the army of his countrymen; and its generals, who duly estimated his character, relied upon his assurance that within a few days the waters would again be passable by troops. They delayed their retreat; within twelve days the frost had returned—the French army triumphed, Disjonval was liberated, and a spider had brought down ruin on the Dutch nation.

A Fight with a Trout.

The hundred feet of silk swished through the air, and the tail fly fell as lightly on the water as a three cent piece (which no slamming will give the weight of a ten) drops upon the contribution plate. Instantly there was a rush, a swirl; I struck; and "Got him by—!" Never mind what Luke said I got him by. "Out on a fly!" continued that irreverent guide, but I told him to back water and make for the centre of the lake.

The trout, as soon as he felt the prick of the hook, was off like a shot, and took off the whole of the line with a rapidity that made it smoke. "Give him the butt!" shouted Luke. It is the usual remark in such an emergency. I gave him the butt, and, recognizing the fact and my spirit, the trout at once sank to the bottom and sulked. It is the most dangerous mood for a trout, for you cannot tell what he will do next. We reeled up a little, and waited five minutes for him to reflect. A tightening of the line enraged him, and he soon developed his tactics.

Coming to the surface, he made straight for the boat faster than I could reel in, and evidently with hostile intentions. "Look out for him!" cried Luke, as he came flying in the air. I evaded him by dropping flat in the bottom of the boat, and when I picked up my traps he was spinning across the lake as if he had a new idea; but the line was still fast. He did not run far. I gave him the butt again, a thing he seemed to hate, even as a gift; in a moment, the evil-minded fish, lashing the water in his rage, was coming back again, making straight for the boat as before. Luke, who was used to these encounters, having read of them in the writings of travelers he had accompanied, raised the paddle in self-defence.

The trout left the water about ten feet from the boat and came directly at me with fiery eyes, his speckled sides flashing like a meteor. I dodged as he whisked by with a vicious slap of his bifurcated tail, and nearly upset the boat. The line was of course slack, and the danger was that he would entangle it about me and carry away a leg. This was evidently his game, but I untangled it, and only lost a breast button or two by the swiftly moving string. The trout plunged into the water with a hissing sound and went away again with all the line on the reel.

More butt. More indignation on the part of the captive. The contest had now been going on for half an hour, and I was getting exhausted. We had been back and fort across the lake, and round and round the lake; what I feared was that the trout would start up the inlet and wreck us in the bushes. But he had a new fancy, and began the execution of a manœuvre which I had never read of. Instead of coming straight toward me he took a large circle, swimming rapidly and gradually contracting his orbit. I reeled in, and kept my eye on him. Round and round he went narrowing his circle.

I began to suspect the game, which was to twist my head off. When he had reduced the radius of his circle to about twenty-five feet, he struck a tremendous pace through the water. It would be false modesty in a sportsman to say that I was not equal to the occasion. Instead of turning around with him as he expected, I stepped to the bow, braced myself, and let her swing. Round went the fish, and round we went like a top. I saw a line of St. Mary's all round the horizon. The rosy tint in the west made a broad bank of pink along the sky above the tree-tops. The evening star was a perfect circle of light, a hoop of gold in the heavens. We whirled and reeled, and reeled and whirled. I was willing to give the malicious beast butt and line and all, if he would only go the other way for a change.

When I came to myself, Luke was gaffing the trout at the boatside, After we got him and dressed him, he weighed three-quarters of a pound. Fish lose by being "got in and dressed." It is best to weigh them while in the water. The only really large one I ever caught got away with my leader when I first struck him. He weighed ten pounds.

Peter Cartwright.

Am[illegible] the most notable of the Amer[illegible] preachers was Peter Cart[illegible]o was born in Amherst [illegible] in 1785, and died at Pleas[illegible]., in 1872. When he was [illegible]rents removed to Ken[illegible]bout 1801, he was con[illegible] the instrumentality of [illegible]her, and joined the [illegible] Church. He was [illegible] in 1806, and as [illegible]2 he was ap[illegible], and acted in [illegible]; the last forty [illegible]ence. During [illegible]ore than 10,[illegible] baptized [illegible] for thir[illegible]ty [illegible] average, four [illegible] Years a[illegible] "Autobio[illegible] P. Strick[illegible] storehouse [illegible] and reminiscenc[illegible] find the following:

One day, on app[illegible] a ferry across the river Illinois [illegible] heard the ferryman swearing terribly at the sermons of Peter Cartwright, and threatening that if he ever had to ferry the preacher across, and knew him, he would drown him in the river. Peter, unrecognized, said to the ferryman:

"Stranger, I want you to put me across."

"Wait till I'm ready," said the ferryman, and pursued his conversation and strictures on Peter Cartwright. Having finished, he turned to Peter and said:

"Now I'll put you across."

On reaching the middle of the stream, Peter threw his horse's bridle over a stake in the boat, and told the ferryman to let go his pole.

"What for?" asked the ferryman.

"Well, you've just been using my name improper-like; and you said if ever I came this way you would drown me. Now you've got a chance."

"Is your name Peter Cartwright?" asked the ferryman.

"My name is Peter Cartwright."

Instantly the ferryman laid hold of the preacher: but he did not know Peter's strength, for Peter instantly seized the ferryman and holding him by the nape of the neck, plunged him in the water, saying:

"I baptize thee [splash] in the name of Satan, whose child thou art."

Then lifting him up, dripping, Peter asked:

"Did you ever pray?"

"No."

"Then it's time you did."

"I'll do no such thing!" answered the ferryman.

Splash! splash! and the ferryman was in the depths again.

"Will you pray now?" asked Peter.

The gasping victim shouted: "I'll do anything you bid me!"

"Then follow me—'Our Father, which art in heaven,'" etc.

Having acted as clerk, repeating after Peter, the ferryman cried:

"Now let me go!"

"Not yet," said Peter. "You must make me three promises: 1st, that you will repeat that prayer, morning and evening, as long as you live; 2d, that you will hear every pioneer preacher that comes within five miles of this ferry; and, 3d, that you will put every Methodist preacher over free of expense. Do you promise and vow?"

"I promise," said the ferryman; and, strange to say, that very man became a shining light in the church.

Words of Wisdom.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

Boasters are cousins to liars.

Confession of faults makes half amends.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Envy shooteth at another and woundeth itself. Foolish fears double danger.

God reaches us good things by our own hands.

He has hard work who has nothing to do.

It costs more to avenge wrongs than it does to bear them.

Knavery is the worst trade.

Learning makes a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.

Not to hear conscience is a way to silence it.

One hour to-day is worth two tomorrow.

Proud looks make foul words in their faces.

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.

Richest is he that wants the least.

Small thoughts indulged are little thieves.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.

Upright walking is sure walking.

Virtue and happiness are near kin.

You never lose by doing a good turn.

Cremation at Calcutta.

The sights of Calcutta are not numerous, as the city contains no temples and no monuments of antiquity. Nearly every stranger inquires first for the Burning Ghat, or cremation grounds, where the Hindoos burn their dead, and one visit generally suffices. I went there the day after my arrival, and found an enclosed space on the banks of the Ganges, with steps leading down to the water. A dozen or more men were standing around or raking the ashes of some smouldering heaps, and our approach was the signal for an appeal for money. On one heap was a body half consumed, the fire still burning fiercely, and another pile, on which lay the body of a woman, was lighted just as we entered. The wood was dry, and perhaps it had been saturated with oil: at any rate it flamed fiercely up, so that in the little time we were here the work of destruction went on visibly. No patent furnaces or other improvements are used here; there is only a pile of wood and the body that is to be cremated. After the body has been destroyed the ashes are thrown into a sacred river, a form of sepulchre eminently satisfactory to the pious Hindoo. Formerly, the cremation was more theoretical than real, as the men appointed to perform the work would put the most of the money for wood into their pockets, and throw the body into the river after it was hardly more than scorched. Corpses floating in the Ganges were an hourly sight, and sometimes dozens might be seen in a single day. Complaint was so general that the government stepped in and had something to say; it did not endeavor to put a stop to the cremation, but it required the work to be thoroughly performed, and stationed policemen at the ghat to see that its orders were carried out.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Unreasonable haste is the sure road to error.

With God go over the sea; without Him not over the threshold.

Characters never change. Opinions alter; characters are only developed.

The more women look in their mirrors, the less they look to their houses.

Never scoff at religion, it is not only proof of a wicked heart, but of low breeding.

I will listen to any one's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself. I have plenty of my own.

It is not difficult to do good, for the means are constantly clustering about every man's lips and hands.

If you would rise in the world, you must not stop to kick at every cur who barks at you as you go along.

The true end of freedom is to develop manhood and womanhood, not to make authors, mechanics or statesmen.

Innocence is a flower which withers when touched, and blooms not again, though it be watered with tears.

The lessons of disappointment, humiliation and blunder, impress one more than those of a thousand masters.

If God ever failed one who trusted in him, you might doubt; but he never has, therefore you should be confident.

It is a good rule never to forget the kindly deeds which others do to you, and never to remember those you do for them.

The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves, should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.

We should often have reason to be ashamed of our most brilliant actions if the world could see the motives from which they spring.

A friendship that makes the least noise is very often the most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

Charity toward the weakness of human nature is a virtue which we demand in others, but which we find very hard to practice ourselves.

Happiness, in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never attained.

Alas! if the principles are not within us, the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.

Brevity is the soul and body of wit—it is wit itself, for it alone isolates sufficiently for contrasts; because redundance or profusion produces no distinctness.

Though the word and the spirit do the main work, yet suffering so unbolts the door of the heart, that both the word and the Spirit have easier entrance.

Christ says, "If ye love me keep my commandments. It would be well for us to pay more attention to our conduct and prove the depth of our feelings by our obedience.

Faces are as legible as books, only with these circumstances to recommend them to our perusal, that they are read in much less time and are much less likely to deceive us.

If a man becomes your friend all at once, not for any good reason, but apparently from caprice, the chances are that when his present mood is over he will at once leave you.

Faith builds in the dungeon and the lazar-house its sublimest shrines; and up through roofs of stone, that shut out the heaven, ascends the ladder where the angels glide to and from prayer.

True worth is inevitably discovered by its facial expression, as its opposite is sure to be clearly represented there. The human face is nature's tablet, and the truth is certainly written thereon.

What a pity all our consciences are not as tender as that of the youthful culprit who was overtaken by a hail storm, and who hurried home in terror and told his mother that God was awful angry and had been "frowing stones at him."

Politeness is the spontaneous movement of a good heart and an observing mind. Benevolence will teach us temperance toward the feelings of others, and habits of observation will enable us to judge promptly and easily what those feelings are.

In taking the veil in Italy a nun casts behind her a bouquet of flowers she has borne upon her bosom. Thus the believer in devoting himself to Christ, casts behind him worldly pleasures; though beautiful as flowers, as evanescent as they.

Every one who repudiates honest debts to churches, which he is able to pay does just so much harm to the community at large, to say nothing of his own personal loss of character and reputation. The spiritual results of such conduct need no comment.

In a celebrated case now before the courts one of the witnesses declared that the Lord enlarged his vision so as to enable him to look through the keyhole and around a corner and see the prisoner mixing poison. That kind of religious faith is a little "crooked."

Thoughtless pleasure is the greatest indecency; a fondness for the world, the greatest folly; and self-indulgence, the greatest madness. And as contrary to these, a constant seriousness of temper, a universal care and exactness of life, an indifference to the world, self-denial, sobriety and watchfulness, are our greatest wisdom.

Dr. Talmage can find more in the Bible than all the professors of Princeton, and tells what he finds in language which they would find it impossible to use. He told his people that Moses was afflicted with a lifelong nervous disease, caused by "that clip which he gave the Egyptians," and that "Jeremiah had an enlargement of the spleen."

Sugar was first mentioned in 625 by Paul Enginetta, a physician. It came originally from China and the East; was produced in Sicily in 1148; in Madeira in 1419; in the Canary islands in 1503, and in the West Indies by the Portugese and Spaniards in 1510. In 1544 it was cultivated at Barbadoes. Sugar refining was first carried out by a Venetian in 1503, while the process was adopted in England in 1569. Sugar was first taxed by the English government in 1695.